TAZEWELL CO. DIRECTORY.

Circuit Court.

Robert C. Jackson, judge; H. Bane Harman, clerk. Terms of court—1st Monday in April, 4th Monday in August and 1st Monday in December.

County Court.

[illegible] Stuart, judge; T. E. George, clerk. Terms of court—Tuesday after 3d Monday in each month.

Officers.

Barnes Gillespie,.....Com'th. Atty.
James Bandy, ...Sheriff.
Jno. W. Crockett,..... .....Deputy Sheriff.
H. P. Brittain. .....Treasurer.
H. G. McCall.....Deputy.
S. V. Kelly,.....County Surveyor.
Address, Unaka, Va.
P. H. Williams,.....County Supt. Schools,
Address, Snapps, Va.

THE CHURCHES.

Protest Episcopal Church South.

Public worship of God on the 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 A. M., on the 2nd and 4th at 8:00 P. M.
Meeting for prayer, Wednesday at 8:00.
Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M.
Young men's prayer meeting each Sunday at 3 p. m.
A most cordial welcome is extended to all.
R. A. KELLY Pastor.

Church of Chrst.

Preaching 1st and3rd Sunday,at 8:00 p. m. and 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m.
Prayer meeting Saturday night at 8 o'clock. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.
ROBERT ELMORE, Pastor

Presbyterian Church.

[illegible]'s Garden.—Preaching First Sundays, morning and afternoon.
Tazewell.—Preaching second, third and fourth sundays, morning and night.
Sunday School 9:30 A. M.
Prayer meeting Wednesday night.
A cordial invitation to the public.
S. O. HALL, Pastor.

SECRET ORDERS.

CLINCH VALLEY COMMANDERY, NO. 20 KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.
Meets first Monday in each month.
JAMES O'KEEFFE, E. C.
W. G. YOUNG, Recorder.

O'KEEFFE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, NO. 26.
Meets second Monday in each month.
W. C. PENDLETON, H. P.
W. G. YOUNG, Secretary.

TAZEWELL LODGE, NO. 62, A. F. & A. M.
Meets the 3rd Monday in each month.
JAMES O'KEEFFE, W. M
JNO S. BOTTIMORE, Sec'y.

TAZEWELL TABERNACLE, PILGRIM KNIGHTS.
Meets 4th Monday in each month.
JAMES O'KEEFFE, Chief.
W. G. YOUNG, Sec'y.

TAZEWELL LODGE, NO. 100 K. OF P. Meets every Thursday night in Odd Fellows Hall.
R. M. STEELE, C. C.
J. B. CRAWFORD, K. of R. & S.

COMMERCIAL PROFESSIONS.

Men of Money Who Labor to Turn Their Business Into Institutions of Usefulness.

The truth is, we hear too much about the commercialism of the professions. There are men who vulgarize them all, no doubt, and who sell their craft-right for a mess of millions, for there have always been such men, says World's Work. But there is another tendency of our time that is far stronger than the tendency to get wealth; it is the tendency to establish, to build, and to maintain institutions—institutions of any useful and honorable kind. Men give themselves in the most unselfish way to build up colleges and universities, hospitals, museums, clubs, associations for the advancement of trades and professions, libraries—there is no end of the list. Men labor to turn their business into institutions. Many founders of great commercial houses work for their honorable perpetuity.

Many manufacturers plan their factories so as to give them an institutional character and value. The naturally conservative tendency of an active people is toward institution building. Strong men in almost every department of work show such a tendency, often as a dominant trait of character, and this is a stronger motive than the mere wish to be rich. The rich man who stands alone, who has not established something, who is not identified with some great institution, commercial or public, is not envied. He is more likely to be pitied.

DANIEL'S WAY.

He's as mild a sort of critter as you'd ever wish ter see;
While there may be better husbands, he is good enough fer me.
He is nothin' much ter look at, but he's made o' wearin' stuff
An' it's mighty seldom ever 'at you see him in a huff.
I kin twist him 'round my finger, hold him onderneath my thumb,
He's so sweet an' easy goin', but you wouldn't call him dumb;
For it ain't no sort o' secret 'at we all jest stand aroun'
An' hold our breaths when Dan'l planks his foot right down.

I kin feed him on cold taters an' put water in the pot
Till the coffee's nigh on drownded an' it never makes him hot.
I kin set an' read the paper 'at we git jest once a week
When he simply aches ter glimpse it an' he's patient an' he's meek.
I kin jest neglec' his buttons an' the darnin' of his socks
An' kin bile his aigs fer breakfast till they're hard as any roks;
But my Dan'l's got his limits, an' there's times you'll see him frown
An' usin' vi'lent langwich, plank his foot right down.

He jest doesn't seem to mind it if he isn't right well fed,
An' he lets me haul the kiver ter my own side o' the bed;
He will build the fires an' wind the clock an' fire the cat at night
An' upon ther whole I must say 'at he aims ter treat me right.
Yit though Dan'l is pecoolar in a certain few respec's,
An' if I rip my bastings with his razor he objec's,
In many ways my Dan'l is the meekest man in town—
But there is times when Dan'l planks his foot right down.

—Chicago Daily News.

Humanizing the Machine

"I'VE been ordered to report to you, sir, for orders," said a boyish and somewhat diffident voice.

Head of Department Williams looked up irritably. Things had been going amiss on the wholesale crockery floor that morning. An invoice of goods had been sent to the wrong customer, and there had been a choleric letter in consequence; and by mistake another small invoice had been charged to an out-of-town dealer whose credit had been recently blacklisted. Two errors like that in one morning, especially in such a methodical and clocklike-work department as the wholesale crockery, was enough to upset the equanimity of its chief. True, he was head of the department, and senior clerk in service, but there were gray-haired men under him who were in every way competent to take his place at the desk, and he could never quite get over the incongruity of his position over them.

"You're no good," he said, brusquely, as he shot a quick, comprehensive look at the frail figure before him; "we want a strong man who is able to lift boxes and handle heavy crockery."

"I'll do the best I can, sir."

"Oh, of course; that's understood. Well, if they've sent you to me I must make the best of it. Here, Tom," to a broad-shouldered man who was wheeling a heavy truck across the floor, "take this"—he was about to say young man, but in his impatience substituted "duffer" instead—"and show him about unpacking and distributing that new lot of Dresden. And, oh, I say," as the new man reddened and turned to follow his guide, "what's your name?"

"Williams."

"H'm!" The chief turned to his books again, and made the third error of that morning, charging a dozen plates where he should have credited them. He did not like so many namesakes, and there were already three or four Williamses in the establishment. Well, thank goodness! this was not a poor cousin who would look to him for favor.

Presently the mail was brought in, and several papers and a letter were tossed on his desk. He picked up the letter and opened it carelessly; but as he did so his indifference became amazement, and he glanced quickly back at the address to assure himself of its reality. Yes, there it was, "Mr. John Williams, at Burton & True's," and the invitation was as straightforward and direct as the most skeptical could wish, a cordial request for his company at an informal Thanksgiving dinner on the morrow, and signed by "Mrs. Thorndyke Ware."

He drew a long breath. All the 22 years of his life had been passed in the city, but he had never received an invitation like this before—nor, indeed, many invitations of any kind. He was entirely alone in the world, and since he had entered the employ of Burton & True, as sweeper in the basement, 12 years before, he had given all the force of his strong, determined nature to the mastery of the business. Society and social intercourse had been a closed—and, as he thought, an undesired—book to him; but this cordially worded invitation brought him a thrill such as had never come to him through any of his promotions from one department to another. But still he could not quite understand it. The other clerks received invitations, but they were something entirely different from this. Mrs. Thorndyke Ware was very wealthy and very exclusive, and this invitation was one which he knew even Mr. Burton and Mr. True themselves might have been glad to receive. The only solution he could imagine was that, as he had been the shipping clerk who had had charge of the packing of many costly articles for the Ware mansion, this might be meant as a token of appreciation for his services—but this explanation was anything but satisfactory.

However, he presented himself at the Ware mansion at the time appointed, and was ushered into a large room that was already filled with guests. Mrs. Thorndyke Ware received him graciously, but, as he thought, with a slightly surprised expression on her face; then he drifted away from one group to another.

At first he felt diffident and out of place, but as this wore off he found himself talking with men whose names he was familiar with as being leaders in the financial world. And little by little they began to listen to him with interest, and then with deference. John Williams had not passed much of his time in idleness, and, besides thoroughly familiarizing himself with the various makes and trade marks and other intricate details of the goods in which his employers dealt, he had stored his mind with a vast fund of miscellaneous information. And it so happened that rare and unique makes of earthenware was just now the subject in which the fashionable world was interested.

But as the evening wore away his face began to look puzzled, then questioning, then grave. At last he made his way across the room to his hostess.

"I am glad you have come," she said. "While the guests were arriving I could only just bid you welcome. Now, how is Agnes and how are your sisters?"

"It is about them I wish to speak," he said, bluntly. "Mr. Ware asked me if my people were well, and one of your daughters just asked me if my sisters were coming to the city soon. Now, I am alone in the world. My mother has been dead ten years, and I never had any sisters. There has been a mistake."

"Aren't you John Williams, at Burton & True's?"

"Yes."

She looked puzzled.

"Is there another clerk of the same name in the establishment?"

"Not that I know of. There are several Williamses, but I do not think any of them are named John."

"It is curious. Agnes Williams wrote me that her son was coming to the city to engage with Burton & True, and that she hoped I would look after him a little. She is an old school friend of mine. I thought that you appeared rather older than her son could be."

"Well, my being here is a mistake," he said, gravely. "But you must allow me to thank you, Mrs. Ware, for the pleasantest evening of my life. I will go now. I am sorry for the person whose place I have usurped, but I cannot help being a little glad on my own account. It has given me something to think about and has shown me there are more sides to life than a narrow-minded man sometimes sees."

"But, really, you must not go until the end of the evening," Mrs. Ware interposed, pleasantly. "It has been a mistake, certainly; but I hope you will not make that a reason for leaving us."

He shook his head.

"I would better go," he answered. "I do not like to take advantage of mistakes."

When he saw the new man come in the next morning he left his desk with a sudden presentiment of the truth.

"What did you say your name was?"

"Williams, sir."

"John?"

"Yes; John Williams."

"H'm!"

"I am Mr. Burton's nephew," the new man continued, blandly, "and am learning the routine of each department, with a view of entering the firm in January. I would have told you this yesterday if you had given me an opportunity. But I am afraid I shall have to ask you to excuse me from handling the heavy boxes. I am not particularly robust, and must content myself with the lighter work."

"Very well."

Head of Department Williams' creed was to view the world as a huge machine, of which he and his fellow-clerks were cogs. Emotion of any kind was looked down upon by him as unbusinesslike; so now he turned stoically to his desk, and his copy clerk thought he had merely been giving some orders to the new man.

But all through the day there was a peculiar light in the matter-of-fact eyes of the chief, and when he went to his boarding house that night he did not turn to his books, as usual, but sat gazing out across the twinkling lights of the great city, thinking.

In the main office a few weeks later Mr. Burton suddenly laid down his pen.

"Do you know, True," he said, confidentially, "I believe our machine clerk, Williams, is becoming humanized. I actually caught him lifting a beggar child out of the mud to-day and saw him giving her pennies. I must ask him up to the house some time. I wouldn't be surprised if there was considerable good material beneath that shell of his."

"Yes," answered Mr. True, poising his pen meditatively above his ledger, "I think you are right. Williams has been a good automaton, but I always held that a business man could not reach the best success by mere mechanical ability," and then both bent over their desks and were speedily lost in the computations evolved by their swiftly moving pens.—N. Y. Times.

ORIGIN OF "COLD FEET."

The Poker Expression Was First Heard in a Game in an Indiana Town.

"Seated in the office of an interior Cuban hotel one Sunday," said a traveling man at the Raleigh to a Washington Star reported, "I noticed a gathering of six or seven playing some game at a table which I supposed was Spanish, as the conversation was in that language. The office was right on the street and the doors stood open. I was reading a paper and paid no attention until my ears caught the familiar words—four flush. I strolled over to the table and found that a game of poker was in full blast. The conversation was in Spanish, but all the American terms of the game were in English, which sounded odd. Presently there was some little commotion and I caught the words cold feet, uttered by several of the party. One of the number, who had most of the checks, was cashing in. I did not know that the Cubans had the faintest idea of the meaning of the expression, but it had evidently traveled to that country along with the game. It occurred to me at the time that while the expression was general all over the world, and especially in the United States, less than half a dozen people knew its origin. I happened to be in the game when the term was first used—that is, when it originated. It was in an Indiana town, and I had been invited to join a little party by a customer of mine. A young merchant had phenomenal luck and soon had all the checks and several due bills. About midnight he began to get restless and made the usual excuses to get out of the game. However, he was good-natured and yielded to the pressing requests of the losers. Finally he said: 'Leave me out of the game a hand or two, boys, my feet are cold.' Well, he hugged that base-burner for an hour till the losers broke up the game in despair. After that whenever anyone attempted to quit that game ahead he was greeted with the exclamation 'cold feet.' The traveling men who scatter everything good over this earth took it up, and now the expression goes wherever the game finds its way."

RIBBON FLOWERS.

A Pretty Fancy of the Time Which Lends Life and Color to a Costume.

Satin and Louisine ribbon sets, which were fashionable during the summer, have lost none of their popularity. When dressy results are desired nothing is more effective with delicate evening frocks than touches of ribbon that harmonize in coloring. The fancy for dangling decorations in knotted ribbons, sash ends and breast knots has been very marked. This same idea may be carried out in sprays of ribbon flowers for dress and hair ornament. All sorts of flowers are being made of ribbon to be worn in this way, and there are wonderful possibilities for deft fingers in fashioning these dainty things, says the New York Herald.

Clusters of tiny pink and red rosebuds are made of folded satin ribbon. The green calix and stem of the artificial flower and the sheen of the satin all lending themselves to an excellent imitation of the natural flower. These sprays of tiny flowers are charming for the hair, especially the wreath and tiara effects in rosebuds and forget-me-nots.

Larger roses and buds with long green stems hang from a cluster or ribbon knot at the breast. Draped over the dress skirt these clusters give a graceful touch to an entire costume. Violets are made of narrow ribbon gathered into knots and made of single violets. Chrysanthemums are strikingly natural, made of tiny fluted baby ribbon. Sprays of fish geraniums are in vivid reds, with their own foliage.

To make a rose take green wrapped wire seven or eight inches long. The wire must be thin and can be unwrapped if desired. Cut a piece of satin for a half-open rose, about the size of the palm of your hand. It does not matter whether you cut the end of the ribbon off square, round or ragged. Wrap this, after folding it on the bias, so that the center forms a point, with the folds of satin about it. Hold the rough ends around the doubled up wire, the doubled end of which comes up into the point, and wrap a thin piece of plain wire tightly around it.

The bud is thus formed and ready for its little green cup. Clip off most of the rough ends of the satin and shove the cup over the doubled wire, making it fit over the little bunch of tied ends. Between the bud and its cup is placed a circle of green cloth cut in points, with a hole in the middle. The cup pushes this into place around the satin bud and the complete rosebud is formed. The same rule applies to the tiny buds, the only difference being the size of the bit of satin. Some persons run a hollow artificial stem over the wire. One or two pieces of hollow stem are enough. This can be bought in long pieces and cut up into any desired lengths. A bow or open rose can hide the stems at the beginning of the bunch. In making the full blown roses a cluster of little yellow tipped stamens are tied to the end of the doubled wire before the pieces of satin are folded and tied in place. Each bud, half blown and full blown flower is made separately, and then the maker can twist them together in any desired style.

The little green holders can be made at home, but the cups, which are of paper, are bought; so is the wire. One woman suggested taking the little cups of acorns, piercing a hole in the bottom and painting them green. It is a novel idea and would serve the purpose perfectly. Stamens and cups, however, are exceedingly cheap, and liberty satin can be bought for less than a dollar a yard for the piece, and a small portion of a yard would be sufficient; or the ribbon, in different widths, ranges from 15 to 19 cents a yard. Heavier satin costs little more. Velvet is expensive, and is used for geraniums, which are easy to make. Just a small bit of velvet or satin, crushed and tied in small points and round, crinkled objects, which, when fastened in a bunch, look just like the blossoms themselves. Artificial leaves are used with geranium bunches.

Violets are made of little crushed, crinkled bits of satin tied on the end of a wire and then bunched together with the appearance of a corsage bouquet of Parma violets.

Lemon Tartlets.

To make lemon tartlets line some patty pans with nice pastry and fill them with this mixture: Mix 1½ ounces of corn flour into a smooth paste and pour over it half a pint of boiling water. Sweeten to taste and boil for five minutes until the corn flour tastes thoroughly cooked. Take the pan from the fire and add the grated rind and juice of a lemon When cool, add the yolks of two eggs and stir well; lastly, the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Fill the patty pans with this mixture and bake in a quick oven.—Detroit Free Press.

LONDON'S BIRD-ABOUT-TOWN.

A Widely-Known Jackdaw That Traveled Around for Years on 'Buses and Trams.

Though by no means aged as jackdaws go, the remarkable bird which has just died at the Angel, Brixton, had made a considerable reputation during nearly 11 years of its association with mankind, and the original purchase price of 18 pence which was paid by its owner, Mr. Thomas Beck, some ten years ago, was but a fraction of its value at the time of its death. Wonderful intelligence and no less surprising originality of behavior were the characteristics of Jack, who was a favorite with all in the Brixon district, though his roaming habits had made him not unfamiliar in other parts of the metropolis, says the London Telegraph.

In his very early and irresponsible youth Jack was a mischievous daw, but after his first owner, a little schoolboy, had sold him to Mr. Beck his manners became more sedate, though they never lacked variety, the consequence being that scores of well-authenticated stories are extant of the bird's feats and his remarkable intelligence and memory. His first home was a private house at Clapham, but after he became an inmate seven years ago of the Angel, at the corner of Loughborough road, he took a more extended view of life, until his exploits became of almost world-wide fame, for among those who have been to pay him a visit have been a large number of Americans and Australians, who, seeing, have coveted this sprightly bird.

Jack's first flight from home was when he sailed to the roof of a house opposite the Angel. He returned safely to the call of his master, but this excursion evidently gave him confidence, and thenceforward it was his practice to leave and return to his home whenever the spirit moved him. In his restless moods, it was his habit to alight on the tramcars and 'busses which passed the door and journey with the conductors to such places as the Elephant and Castle, Westminster, Blackfriars Bridge and Streatham. Another favorite resort of this strange bird was the police station, whence, after favoring the constables with his company for an hour or two, he would leave for home on a tramcar, like the independent citizen he was. These habits and the general friendliness he displayed toward those who treated him kindly made the jackdaw an immense favorite in the neighborhood, and the news of his sudden death brought great sorrow to his master and mistress, as well as to his many admirers. At home Jack led a very systematic life. First and foremost he was the confident and personal friend of his owner, whom he followed about the house and regarded with remarkable fidelity. An original genius, Jack scorned the roosting places of ordinary members of his species, and chose as his perch the neck of a wine bottle resting in a basket on the bar counter. Settled there at bedtime, he sleepily said: "Good-night" in his own bird language to his master, but he was the first up in the morning, and signified the same by regularly rapping at Mr. Beck's bedroom door. Having superintended his master's tubbing operations, Jack invariably hopped down to the bar, and, standing in the basin under the water top, waited until he received a refreshing shower. This was his daily bath, which he never neglected.

At the time of his death Jack was moulting, and the day before he died he took two baths, the suggestion being that he was trying to alleviate the tiresome irritation which accompanied his annual feather shedding. Whether this had anything to do with his death is not known, but the next morning Jack was found dead underneath his extemporized perch. This sharp-witted jackdaw, who was friendly with all who behaved properly toward him never forgot a foe, and would unerringly recognize and attack persons who had ill-treated him. He was a clever trickster, and a joke he sometimes enjoyed was flying off with the small change of unobservant customers. Still, he never made an enemy. Jack will be stuffed and be represented as perching on the bottle, his grasp of which he relinquished when death took him.

Mulberry Trees.

In 1839, just before the people came to their senses in regard to the hallucination that mulberry trees would bring them wealth, a nurseryman sent an agent to France to purchase several millions of young trees. He carried $80,000 in cash as a first payment. When the trees arrived, the inevitable crash had come, and the nurseryman failed for so large an amount that he could never reckon up his indebtedness. His trees were offered in vain at a dollar a hundred for pea brush. After the crash some large holders sought to unload without loss. They chartered an unseaworthy vessel, loaded her with trees, and sent the cargo heavily insured via New Orleans to India. To their great chagrin, the vessel reached New Orleans safely, and the trees were transferred to river boats at great expense and hurried on to their destination. When finally they arrived no one would take them as a gift.—Chicago Daily News.

Mountains Are Moving.

"The mountains are constantly moving," was the remark of an officer of the Denver & Rio Grande road recently in speaking of the great landslides in the canyon above Glenwood Springs, Col. "We find from actual experience in maintaining tunnels, bridges and tracks in the mountains that the mountains are moving. It costs a railway passing through the mountains a great deal of money in the course of ten years to keep the tracks in line, and maintenance of tunnels is even more expensive. Drive a stake on the side of a mountain, take the location with the greatest care and return after a few months. The stake is not in the same location. The whole side of the mountain has moved. This experiment has often been tried, and in all cases the result proves that the mountains are moving. The mountains are gradually seeking the level of the sea."—Chicago Chronicle.

Snow on Canadian Railroads.

On the railroads in Canada it is necessary to keep over 600 snow plows in operation every winter.—N. Y. Post.

RED, BLACK OR BLONDE.

Dark-Haired Children Have the Most Imagination, But Red-Headed Get the Good Marks.

Some curious statistics relating to hair have been collected by the school authorities at Lille. It is found that auburn-haired boys are generally at the head of the recitation classes, and blonde girls come out highest as arithmeticians. But in composition they are nowhere, says the London Express.

The dark-haired children of both sexes have the quality of imagination, and in their compositions know how not to fatigue the attention, and as compared to the auburn and blondes are born stylists.

I dare say the auburn boys and blond lasses in the Lille elementary schools are of Flemish—that is to say, phlegmatic—race. Their brains do not grow at once congested when they stand up to recite, and for that reason they keep the mastery of the vocal organs. In short, they continue to know what they are about. The dark children are probably of Celtic—that is to say, Gallic—origin. The blood comes with a rush to their brains, and they grow confused, splutter and break down. If they could only be taught to remain silent for a few moments they would be all the better for this rush, as the confusion would have passed away, leaving only stimulated mental organs.

Finally, on the subject of hair, says a writer in Truth, I am sorry to say that the red-headed boys and girls in the Lille schools are at the bottom in everything, save in good conduct marks. Nor are they remarkable for good health. The dark boys behave better than the auburn or the fair, and are more sensitive to praise or blame.

CAMEL A CURIOSITY.

One with Two Humps Creates a Sensation Among the People of Cairo, Egypt.

One would hardly expect to hear of a camel being an object of public attraction in Egypt. That such is the case, however, is vouched for by the Egyptian Gazette. "The ship of the desert," or the one-humped dromedary, is very common in the streets of Cairo and other parts of the Nile country, but when the zoological garden at Ghizeh secured a specimen of the two-humped Bactrian camel there was indeed a sensation.

The double-decked ship of the desert was the most interesting animal in the menagerie to the native Egyptian who had been familiar all his life with the one-humped variety. Strange as it may seem, this particular specimen was bred and secured from the Rotterdam zoological gardens, where the well-known Swiss naturalist, Dr. Buettikofer, is rearing the species with success.

What the dromedary is to Sahara's parched sands, says the Philadelphia Record, the Bactrian camel is to the dreary stretches of Asia. As the dromedary may be likened to the swift and safe passenger ship, so may the patient Bactrian beast be referred to as the slower but all the more important deeply laden merchantman, for centuries on centuries, generation after generation, these patient creatures have been transporting the wealth of China, farther India and the orient generally to Russia and thence throughout the occident.

ENGLAND'S GREAT BACHELORS.

Four Leading Men of the British Kingdom Are Unmarried at Middle Age.

This is the age of bachelors in England. The women are discussing with keen interest the fact that four of their great men are unmarried. Arthur Balfour is a bachelor, and indeed the first bachelor to become premier since the time of William Pitt.

Lord Kitchener, England's most notable soldier, and Lord Milner, her most prominent administrator, are both unmarried.

Completing the notable four is the bishop of London, who is not far from being the most prominent man in the church.

The men on the other side, says the Philadelphia North American, are declaring that France "has long been cursed with petticoat influence in politics, and England has had some experience of the plague of women behind the scenes at the war office." They believe that "the triumph of the four great bachelors points to a quiet and effective revolt of man."

Egyptian Papyri.

The National museum at Washington helps with funds to support the explorations in Egypt which Dr. Flinders Petrie, the great Egyptologist, is making. As its share of this year's finds it has just received ten papyrus manuscripts, dating from about the birth of Christ. They are mostly bills of lading for camel trains, receipts for goods, etc.

Industrious Indians.

Col. R. H. Pratt, head of the government Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., reports that the enrollment of Indian students there this year has reached the high-water mark of 1,073. The students are encouraged to earn money by hiring out during vacation, and they made nearly $32,000 that way last year.

Our Cities a Century Ago.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were 16 cities in the country which had a population of more than 4,000. Philadelphia was first in the list with 69,000, with New York a close second, while Baltimore had taken third place from Boston by 26,000 to 25,000. At the same period the population of the country was 5,308,483, of which only 5 per cent. was urban.—Indianapolis News.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Shakespeare's "King Lear" has just been translated in Japanese and will shortly be performed.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is erecting for Stanford university, which was built and endowed by her late husband and herself, the finest library building in the world, which she proposes to equip with the best assortment of books that money can buy. Rev. Heber Newton, rector of the university, is to have supervision of the library in its initial stages.

The widow of the late Congressman Amos J. Cummings, of New York, who served his time as a typesetter, has given his library to the old printers' home at Colorado Springs. Mr. Cummings had frequently stated that his intention was to make this disposition of his books, but his will made no mention of it. His widow, however, has carried his wishes into execution.

The king of Portugal inherits the scientific tastes of many members of the house of Braganza. His father was a patron of literature and art and no mean scholar. He was a great lover of English letters. The son is distinguished for his scientific acquirements and not long ago published a volume detailing the results of the scientific investigations made on a voyage on board the yacht Amelia.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, the novelist, never submits to an interview, but she cannot avoid being written about. This is a pen picture drawn by a London writer: "A tall, graceful figure, steady, smiling eyes, dark hair (touched with gray) waving down each side of an intellectual, attractive face—and yet there is something austere about Mary Ward. She is of the type of womanhood which accepts the responsibilities of life, which sees both the nobility of motherhood and the nobility of knowledge."

At a sale of books in Washington the other evening the auctioneer put up a set of Theodore Roosevelt's works and after a sharp contest among bidders it was knocked down at a figure slightly in excess of the regular store price. Then the auctioneer picked out a life of George Washington and held that up with the usual preface of choice comment. Silence followed the conclusion of his panegyric. Not a solitary bid was heard. Again the auctioneer tried the value of advertising, but not an offer was made. Tossing the book back on a shelf, he said in a tone of mingled contempt and disgust: "Go back to the shelf, George! You're not wanted; you're a back number. The times are too strenuous for you, George."

PAID BANDIT TO DEPART.

The Cuban Method of Ridding the Country of a Troublesome and Dangerous Outlaw.

Enrique Mesa, the notorious Cuban bandit, a worthy successor of Manuel Garcia and as desperate as the late outlaw, Harry Tracy, has left Cuba for a consideration of $1,500.

Masa had for some time been a source of great uneasiness to the inhabitants of small towns in the vicinity of Manzanillo, in the province of Santiago. He was also a thorn in the side of the rural guard. Like Tracy, he was a good shot; he was brave and fearless and a most dangerous enemy.

It is even said that the officers and men of the rural guard feared him.

At any rate Mesa killed and robbed and looted without apprehension by the rural guard, which is a mounted military police organization. Mesa was an officer on this force until he killed a newspaper man with whom he had a dispute over politics. Then he took to the woods and became a professional bandit. He surrendered himself, with a half dozen of the worst characters in Santiago province. Raids were made on many small towns and the stores sacked by this gang. The people were afraid to resist, and the police, too, appeared anxious to avoid a conflict with the outlaws. In fact, Mesa threatened to kill on sight Capt. Betancourt, of the rural guard, if the latter dared to pursue him.

There are many idle men in that portion of the country where the "bad man" operated, and his followers increased until they numbered 40.

The people finally got together and informed the government that they would pay Mesa $1,500 if he would leave the country. The authorities agreed to this, and Mesa was waited on with the proposition.

On the day fixed he rode into Manzanillo, says a Havana correspondent of the New York Tribune, and, armed "to the teeth," he went to the steamer between two lines of his former companions, and later his enemies of the rural guard. When he boarded the steamer bound for Mexico the promised money was paid to him, which went to his men, who dispersed.

Military Conscription.

The compulsory enrollment of citizens for military or naval service is unknown in this country as a permanent institution; and twice only in the history of the United States were drafts temporarily resorted to by the government for the purpose of raising and increasing the armies in cases of special urgency, once in 1814 during our war with Great Britain, and once on May 3, 1863, when a bill passed both houses calling every able bodied citizen of military age to enter the federal service, or pay a commutation fee of $300 for exemption, under penalty of being treated as a deserter.—Detroit Free Press.

Knew All About It.

"What do you think of this scheme of telegraphing without wires?"

"That's nothing new. My wife has kicked my shins under the table for 20 years."—Stray Stories.

To John Leeko, (or Lesco):—

You are hereby notified that one lot of land situated in the county of Tazewell, Virginia, in Clear Fork District, in the town of Graham, designated as lot No. 4 in section 40, was sold on the 20th day of December, 1898, for delinquent taxes, levies and costs to the Commonwealth of Virginia, and application for the purchase thereof has been filed in this office, and it appearing from the records in this office that you are interested in said lands, you are further notified to appear in four months from the date of this notice and do what may be necessary to protect your interest.

Given under my hand this 3rd day of December, 1902.

T. E. GEORGE, Clerk of Tazewell County Court, Va.